

FAMOUS Frontiersmen, Pioneers and Scouts.

THE VANGUARDS OF
AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

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Two Centuries of the Romance of American History.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE OF THE LIVES AND MARVELOUS EXPLOITS OF
THE MOST RENOWNED

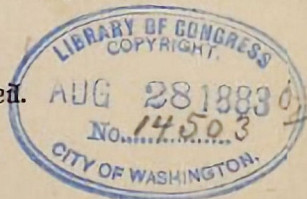
HEROES, TRAPPERS, EXPLORERS, ADVENTURERS,
Scouts, and Indian Fighters.

INCLUDING

ROONE, CRAWFORD, GIRTU, MOLLY FINNEY, THE McCULLOUGHs, WETZEL,
KENTON, CLARK, BRADY, CROCKETT, HOUSTON, CARSON, CALIFORNIA
JOE, WILD BILL, TEXAS JACK, CAPTAIN JACK, BUFFALO BILL,
GENERAL CUSTER WITH HIS LAST CAMPAIGN AGAINST SITTING BULL,
AND GENERAL CROOK WITH HIS RECENT CAMPAIGN
AGAINST THE APACHES.

By E. G. CATTERMOLLE, A. B.

Elegantly Illustrated.



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**This is a biographical work.
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“Frontiersmen, Pioneers and Scouts
The Vanguards Of American Civilization”
by E.G. Cattermole**

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INTRODUCTION

On May 10, 1756, the Means family of North Yarmouth, Province of Massachusetts Bay (today's Freeport, Maine) were attacked by Native Americans during the French and Indian War. It resulted in the deaths of two people.

Although warning had been given about an Indian raid being in progress in the area, with the recommendation that outlying settlers should shelter in their nearest garrison house, the Means family decided to wait until the morning to go to Flying Point. They lived in a log cabin located near the shoreline, and the family consisted of 33-year-old farmer Thomas, his wife of seven years, Alice, daughters Alice and Jane, an infant son, Robert, and 16-year-old Molly (Mary) Finney, sister of the patriarch. Alice was pregnant with a second son, named Thomas at birth.

Shortly after dawn, the family was dragged out of their home. Thomas was shot and scalped. Alice, carrying her baby, ran back into the house and barricaded the door. One of the attackers shot through a hole in the wall, killing the infant and puncturing his mother's breast. John Martin, who had been sleeping in another room, fired at them, causing them to flee.

The Indians took with them Molly, whom they made follow them through the woods to Canada. Upon her arrival in Quebec, she was sold as a slave. A few months later, Captain William McLellan, of Falmouth, maine (now Portland), was in Quebec in charge of a group of prisoners for exchange. He had known Molly before her capture and secretly arranged for her escape. He came below her window and threw her a rope which she slid down. McLellan brought her back to Falmouth on his vessel. They married shortly afterwards. Another source states that McLellan knew, at the time of her kidnap, that Mary would be taken to Quebec and tracked her down when he arrived there.

Alice remarried, to Colonel George Rogers. Thomas is interred in Freeport's First Parish Cemetery, alongside his son. His wife is buried with her second husband in Flying Point Cemetery. His daughter, Alice, is buried at Old Harpswell Common Burying Ground, alongside her husband, Clement Skolfield, whom she married in 1773. Jane married Joseph Anderson, of Flying Point.

The Means massacre was the last act of resistance by the indigenous people to occur within the limits of North Yarmouth.

Thomas Means was born in December 1756, a few months after the death of his father and brother, in the garrison house at Flying Point. He went on to achieve the rank of major in the Continental Army. He died in 1828, aged 71 or 72, and is buried in Flying Point Cemetery.

In 1932, a reenactment of the event was held in front of a large audience. Nearly all of the actors was descended from one of the Meanses involved.

In July and August 2006, an exhibition commemorating the event was on view at Freeport's Harrington House.

A nearby one-room former schoolhouse is named the Thomas Means Club in memory of the family's patriarch.



Thomas Means Club, Freeport, Maine



LIFE OF MOLLY FINNEY,

THE CANADIAN CAPTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

HER REMARKABLE BEAUTY — FIRESIDE CONVERSATION — ATTEMPT TO REMOVE FEARS — STARTLED — INDIANS EFFECT AN ENTRANCE — KILL MR. MEANS AND CHILD — CAPTURE MISS FINNEY — INDIANS FLEE — BURIAL — REMAINDER SEEK BLOCK-HOUSE.

The circumstances which we are about to relate are taken from real life. They may appear of so romantic a character that the probability of their ever having transpired is questioned. But great pains have been taken to secure the facts as here narrated, which are given by descendants of the parties concerned, and nothing in the history of the unfortunate lady is here presented upon which the reader cannot rely. Molly Finney was the prettiest girl on the coast of Maine. Her sister, with whom she lived, perhaps had surpassed Molly in beauty before the responsibilities of wife and mother were laid upon her shoulders. But now there was not a maiden or matron in any place near Casco Bay, who would for a moment challenge the right of our heroine to occupy the foremost seat in the synagogue of beauties.

Many a young man had been smitten by the charms of this fascinating creature as she was seen at the trading post, or met with in the gatherings about Flying Point. Nor was Molly altogether oblivious to the fact that she was the admired of all admirers.

"She was pretty, and knew it too,
As other village beauties do,"

but not to her detriment. Beauty loses its enchanting power when its possessor is ever seeking to display it. The pea fowl would appear transcendantly lovely, were its natural loveliness always accompanied with the desire to conceal its beautiful plumage. And cannot the same be said of humanity? The puerile fop, although perhaps in many cases possessed of natural attractiveness, becomes supremely disgusting with eye glasses, cane, and his pseudo culture. The bewitching maiden is no longer such when compliments have taken from her cheek the blush of modesty, or flattery produced an *apparent* desire to excel.

No such opinion of herself had ever resulted in anything harmful with Miss Molly, unless playing with men's heart-strings is harmful. She showed no desire to win any one's affection without reciprocating it, but it was a real pleasure to see how recklessly the "sterner sex" fell headlong into a trap not prepared for them at all. A bewitching smile, a roguish glance of the eye, would cause such a descent from the pedestal of dignity that—who could resist the temptation of witnessing it? But to our story.

It was the evening of a balmy day in June, 1756, that Mr. Means, his wife and three children, together with Miss Molly Finney and a man by the name of Martin, who was working for Mr. Means, gathered around the fireside and began to discuss the probability of an attack from the Indians. The settlers of that region had been collecting at the block house for several days.

Reports were constantly coming in of the presence of savages in the neighborhood, and the depredations committed. Still, Mr. Means, living not far from the place of refuge, thought it time enough to remove his family when an Indian had been seen in the immediate vicinity of his house. He had cleared a patch of timber, built a comfortable log cabin, planted vegetables, and sowed some grain; it seemed hard to abandon these now, at the time they most needed his attention.

Upon this evening, however, he felt somewhat uneasy. Messengers had passed his cabin during the day, with the word that the fiendish redskins were approaching nearer and nearer. He had determined upon remaining as long as possible with safety, but he feared the removal should have taken place before.

"Wife," said Mr. Means, "have everything ready to load up to-morrow morning. We must be off before sunrise. I wish we had gone to-day."

"Why, husband," replied Mrs. Means, with some degree of apprehension, "surely you have not heard of the Indians being about our house."

"No, not in this immediate vicinity, but they were seen by Sam Thompson yesterday, skulking around his place, and you know they could very easily make that distance by this time. But do not be alarmed, I think they will hardly attempt treachery just yet. Besides, Martin and I have been in the woods all day, and have seen neither an Indian nor Indian signs."

But as Mr. Martin spoke, there seemed a ring of sadness in his tone, and a cloud settled upon his features, not usual with him.

"Never fear those cowardly redskins, Thomas," said Molly, "with such a force as you have about you to-night. Why, I believe I could be more than a match for a half-dozen of them myself; and you could certainly do that well, while here is Mr. Martin, Alice, and the children. Everybody, male and female,

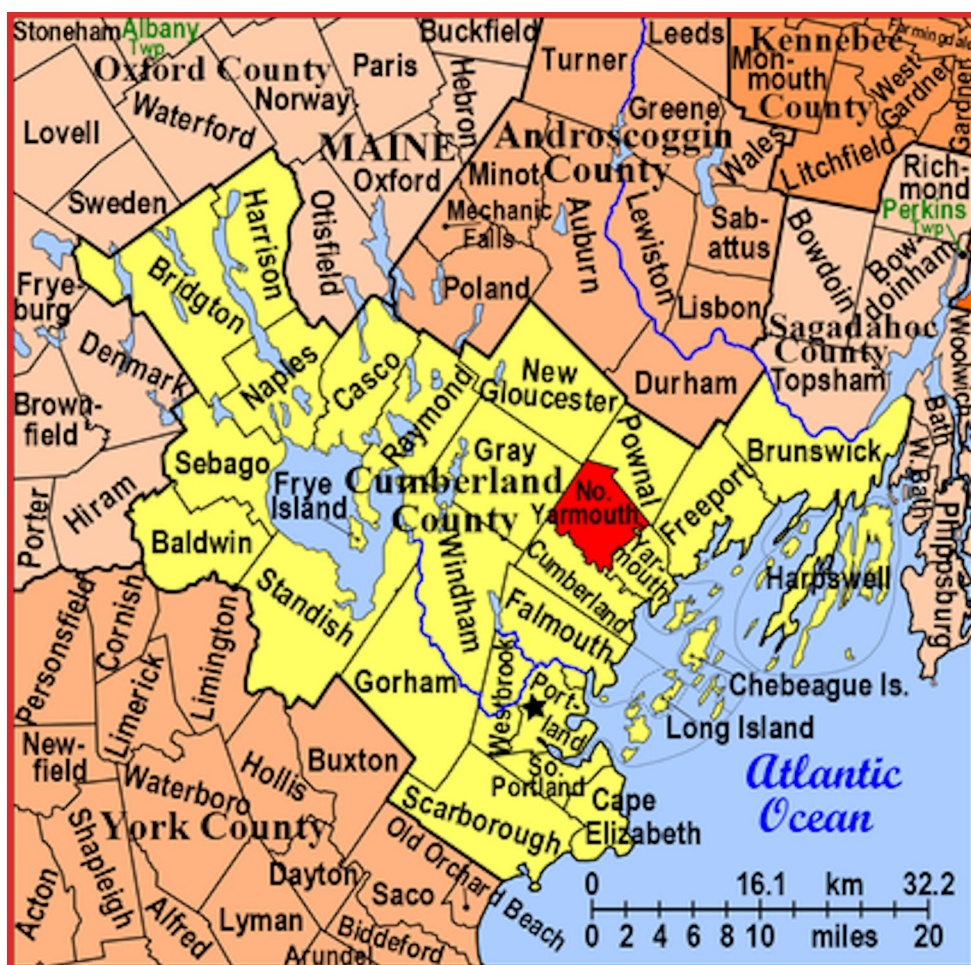
old and young, ought to be ready to fight these painted wretches. But then your fears are groundless. I don't think they would be brave enough to come this near the block house, until they come in all their force," and the sprightly maiden endeavored to scatter the clouds which seemed to overshadow the rest of the household. She laughed at their apprehensions, and jumped up and pretended to be a redskin herself, brandishing an old butcher knife over her head, and endeavoring to give the war-whoop.

Her effort in this direction was not a complete success. While most of them could not refrain from laughing at her antic movements, yet there was not the usual flow of spirits manifested, to betoken unalloyed happiness.

Again and again did Mr. Means express the desire that he had moved the family to the block house before night. Fearing lest the women and children might be unduly alarmed, he would generally close his remarks with a reproof to himself for cowardice. Yet, as he said, it was not for his own safety, but that of the helpless ones, which caused the anxiety of mind. And the more he tried to cast off the evil forebodings that crowded upon him, the less able to accomplish it did he become. It seemed that an impenetrable gloom had settled upon him, which exceeded the darkness surrounding the house, and caused him to feel confident of impending danger.

No doubt the presentiment which took possession of Mr. Means' mind, was really the warning of Him whose eye never sleepeth—a warning of approaching death, that a preparation for that change might be made before it be too late.

Finally Molly said, "O Thomas, I declare you *will* get us all frightened to death yet, if you don't show less uneasiness. What in the world has taken possession of you? You are generally the last one to fear danger; you must have worked hard to-day. Your nerves are unstrung. Hadn't you better go to bed?"



North Yarmouth is a town in Cumberland County, Maine. The area embracing North Yarmouth, first settled in 1636, was abandoned twice before successful final settlement in 1713. In 1646, William Royall (c.1595–1676) purchased a farm on the river. John Cousins (c.1596–1682), a few years previous, occupied a neck of land between branches of a stream and owned an island. These settlements were established in the vicinity, called by the Wabanakis, as "Wescustogo". North Yarmouth was chartered on September 22, 1680, encompassing the area of the present Town of North Yarmouth and the future towns of Harpswell (until 1750), Freeport (until 1789), Pownal (until 1808, from Freeport), Cumberland (until 1821), and Yarmouth (until 1849).

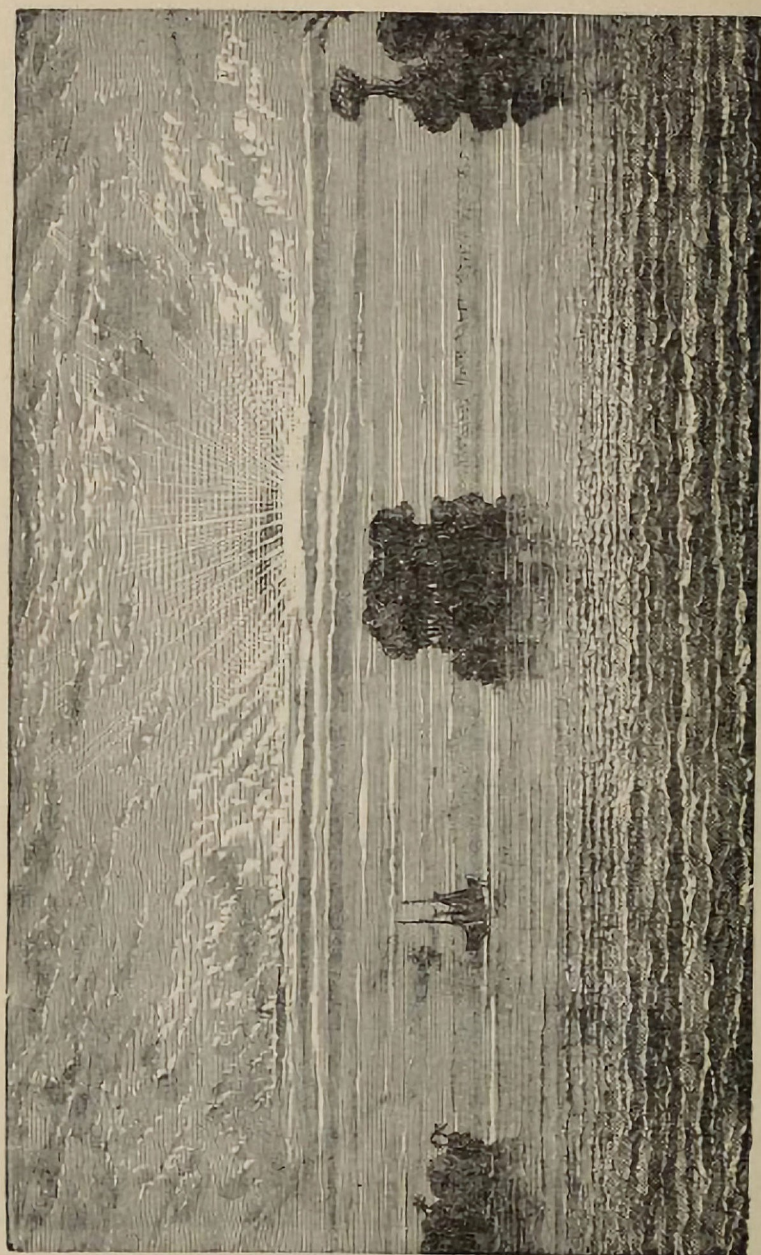
Just as Molly finished her little speech, a rustling of bushes was distinctly heard. In a moment every member of that little circle was upon his feet. Strange how such slight noises as that can startle the most courageous ones, when danger is momentarily expected. Even Martin involuntarily reached for his long hunting knife, as though about to meet a foe.

Molly ran to the window and peered into the darkness. Nothing could be discerned for quite a while. Presently she saw a dark figure retreating through the woods. It appeared somewhat like a human form, and caused a momentary chill to run through her veins, but in another instant a wolf rushed by, and then another and another, until the foolish girl concluded what she had seen must be wolves. Had she notified Mr. Means of the first object she had seen, better preparation would have been made ere they retired for the night. As it was, the young lady turned to the anxious listeners about her, and exclaimed:

"Only a wolf! Ha! ha! to think that one of those plentiful creatures should raise the entire Means' household to such a pitch of excitement! Come! Let us all go to bed, sleep soundly, dream pleasant dreams, and then be ready for the old cramped block house by sunrise," and Molly started to her room.

The remainder of the family soon repaired to their couches, except Thomas Means. He visited each door and secured it as best he could. Then the windows were nailed down, and the old fireplace stopped up. After seeing that no place was left open through which an enemy might enter, he again sat down and listened intently for strange noises. Nothing being heard which caused a suspicion, he undressed and retired for the night—for the last time in his life.

It was not long before perfect quiet reigned about the Means' cabin. The tired family were soon asleep, dreaming of early childhood days, future wealth, and Indian massacres. About midnight



SCENE ON CARTH BAY

a half dozen dusky forms might have been seen stealthily advancing toward the little cabin, tomahawk in hand. They were the messengers of Death to the pioneer's family. Many a scalp dangled from their belts, and at least one more was soon to be added to the number.

With tomahawk and knife they noiselessly worked the bolt from one of the doors, and in another moment all of them stood in the presence of their victims. One of the little girls, Alice Means, was the first to observe the unwelcome guests. With a scream sufficient to awaken the other sleepers, she leaped from her bed and fled through the open door out into the dense underbrush. A couple of the savages started in pursuit, but failing to observe the direction she took, returned to participate in the destruction of the rest.

Mr. Means was the first to be seized. Scarcely conscious of his situation, he was dragged into the open air, and before an effort could be made to escape from his captors, a rifle ball pierced his brain, and Thomas Means was no more.

Miss Molly rushed from her room, clad only in her night clothes, and very nearly made good her escape. A burly savage, however, spying the fleeting form, dashed madly after her, and in another moment brought the fair captive back to the scene of slaughter.

Mrs. Means grasped her infant boy, when her husband was ruthlessly torn from the bed, and with remarkable presence of mind, secured herself in the adjoining room. She hurriedly bolted the door, but not soon enough to avoid witnessing the horrible death of her husband, and the still more blood curdling sight of her infant's death. A ball from an Indian's rifle came crashing through the crack of the door just as it was almost closed, finding a lodgment in the breast of Mrs. Means after passing entirely through the body of her child! The brave woman immediately laid the little one

upon the bed and proceeded to barricade the door. She then began crying out to different persons who really had no existence, for the purpose of creating the impression that there were several men in the house. She cried:

•“Martin, shoot down the wretches from the back window. Thompson, fire from your window. Kerns and Brown, hurry down and lock the door so they can't get out,” etc., etc. Martin really did fire and wounded an Indian, which so frightened the remainder that they beat a hasty retreat.

The remaining hours of that fearful night dragged wearily enough with Mrs. Means and Martin, who alone out of the household were left in the cabin. Finally the gladsome light of day began to scatter the prevailing darkness, and with it came the unbearable consequences of their imprudence.

Mr. Martin and the almost distracted wife and mother picked up the lifeless body of Thomas Means, scalped and bleeding, and carried it within the cabin. Then broke forth the deep anguish of soul which this courageous woman could no longer control.

“O God!” she exclaimed. “All gone! all gone! Is there not a loved one left? O, my dear, dear husband, my darling children, do not leave me alone! Father! Thou who pitiest Thy poor suffering creatures! Wilt Thou not send back my loved ones?” and the distracted woman buried her head in her hands in unspeakable grief.

But He to whom she had appealed, who careth for the ravens and the lilies of the field; who heareth the voice of the distressed, and answereth the prayer of his children; He it was, surely, who prevented the dethronement of intellect at this awful moment by returning two of the loved ones to her embrace. One of the little girls, as has been described, fled to the brush and made good her escape. The other crawled into a hole in the floor, unobserved, and both children rushed from their concealment the same time.

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The frantic mother returned a heartfelt prayer of thankfulness to God as she drew the little ones to her bosom. They in turn were rejoiced beyond measure at finding her whom they loved still living, but were almost paralyzed at the sight of the dead ones upon the bed.

After arranging her husband and child for the grave, which had been prepared by Martin, the sorrow-stricken group laid the two side by side, and the heavy clods were thrown in upon them. The last funeral rites accomplished, Mrs. Means and her children, with Martin, took up their weary march to the block house.

It is not the design of this sketch to follow the changing fortunes of those who escaped upon this memorable night. Suffice it to say that they arrived safely at their place of refuge, where all remained until the Indians had been driven from the vicinity.





CANADIAN TRAPPER.

CHAPTER II.

RETREAT OF INDIANS—NURSE—ARRIVAL AT QUEBEC—SALE OF MOLLY—LEMOINE, PURCHASER—HER WORK IN CAPTIVITY—CAPT. M'LELLAN ARRIVES AT QUEBEC—INQUIRES FOR CAPTIVE—LANDLORD'S INSTRUCTIONS.

As soon as the Indians had been frightened from the Meaus cabin they began a rapid retreat in a northwesterly direction. Miss Finney was graciously provided with a blanket to shield her somewhat from the night air, but her feet were left entirely unprotected. The torture experienced from being forced along over brush and briars in this condition, can scarcely be realized. Finally, at a distance of several miles from the starting point, with her feet and ankles torn and bleeding, she was permitted to rest. Here her pitiable condition was first noticed. Some of the party happening to have an extra pair of moccasins and leggins, the poor girl was supplied with them, much to her comfort. The journey was again taken up, and for twelve hours did they hasten over hills, across creeks, and through tangled underbrush. As the evening twilight was gathering around, the leader ordered a halt. Some corn and dried venison were brought out, which was much relished by the almost famished girl.

The Indian whom Martin had wounded was being carried with them on a litter. Miss Molly was now informed that she must attend to all his wants, and did she permit him to die, her own

scalp would be taken in payment. Of course, while the office was by no means a pleasant one, she nevertheless became exceedingly anxious that the ugly patient might recover. He proved exceedingly ungrateful and cross, however. Indeed, his wound made him ferocious at times; so much so that Molly's life was in jeopardy. Once he seized her by the hair, and raising aloft his tomahawk was about to let it descend, when another Indian caught his arm, thereby saving the life of the unfortunate maiden.

As day after day rolled by, and she became more used to the Indian character, Miss Finney became more independent. She would occasionally taunt her captors, calling them cowards for keeping a "squaw" in captivity. Her patient also suffered from lack of attention. Molly would laugh at his grimaces, and refuse to obey his imperative commands. Such boldness really amused some of the warriors. The Indian never fails to admire courage, wherever seen. This, our beautiful captive maiden possessed in a high degree.

One day, after the party had been on the road for several weeks, it was announced that Quebec was in sight. How joyfully Molly looked upon those habitations—the marks of civilization, where dwelt some of her own race—none but those who have experienced what she did, can imagine. It is true that she would now either be executed or sold into slavery, but it seemed that either would be preferable to a life among barbarians.

The chief of the party came up to her as they were nearing the town, and said:

"We no kill pale face squaw. We sell her. Good?"

"Yes," replied Molly. "Yes. Sell me. To whom?"

"Don't know; some Frenchman. Anybody."

Accordingly, upon reaching the center of the town, a halt was made, and the girl offered for sale. It was a terrible state of society, that would encourage such outrageous practices as capturing female

servants, and bringing in the scalps of white men. Yet the French of Canada were doing it at this time.

It was not long before a shriveled old specimen of humanity came shuffling up, offered a nominal price for the girl, which was accepted, and he, taking her by the hand, departed for home. The name of this purchaser was Lemoine—a wealthy old fellow, who had in his possession several women who had been sold to him by savage captors. Most of these were compelled to work in the field at manual labor. This our spirited damsel resolutely determined not to do. She was put to weeding an onion bed. The onions were soon all gone! She was ordered to prune the grape vines. Alas! such merciless cutting was never before witnessed. One thing after another did the old Frenchman put Molly to work at—one thing after another was ruined which she touched. In a rage Monsieur Lemoine ordered her to keep in the house; he didn't want any more of her out doors. This was just what she wanted. Being a good cook, Madame Lemoine soon gave everything of the culinary sort into her hands, and there was general satisfaction all around.

Although not reared to drudgery, and especially to fill the menial office of a slave, Molly Finney nevertheless possessed a hopeful disposition, and such an abundance of good common sense as to enable her to make the most of every situation of life, and pluck the flowers, though surrounded by many thorns. She consequently cast sunshine into the family where she lived, the reflection of which gladdened her own soul. Thoughts of home and kindred would course through her brain at times, causing the tears to involuntarily start from her eyes, but such reflections were not encouraged. And well for her beauty they were not. Her buoyant spirits assisted in developing her graceful form, and casting a glow of health over her radiant features, which finally worked out her salvation from slavery.

The breezes which blew along the Atlantic and down the St. Lawrence in September, 1757, wafted an English trader, called the *Rose*, to the wharf at Quebec. She was a well-equipped cruiser, fitted for other work and other seas. Her gentlemanly commander, Capt. McLellan, had expressed a desire to visit the famous French city of Canada for the avowed purpose of gathering up some Indian wares and such other articles of merchandise as that country afforded. His real purpose was to rescue the captive maiden, Molly Finney, accounts of whom he had heard at Freeport. Her sister and family were making inquiries constantly, regarding the fate of the poor girl. An Indian finally arrived at Freeport bearing the news of her captivity in Quebec. Of course it would necessitate great expense to accomplish her rescue, which Mrs. Means was by no means able to meet. Almost crazed to see her sister and recover her from slavery, she appealed to every ship captain whom she met for assistance. One evening, after listening to the pathetic story, Captain McLellan, a young man of fine address and noble heart, said:

"Mrs. Means, I do not know whether the owners of the *Rose* will permit a trip up the St. Lawrence or not, but they have been talking of trying it for some time, and if I can persuade them to let me run up there, your sister shall be brought back to you, if she is in the town."

With many tears and grateful acknowledgements of his kindness, the joyful sister shook the generous commander by the hand, and bade him God speed.

It was about the 15th of September when Capt. McLellan dropped anchor at Quebec. Not many hours afterward he might have been seen at the hotel, inquiring of the landlord respecting a certain English girl by the name of Finney.

"Feeney, Feeney," repeated the old fellow. "O, yez, she iz a servant of Monsieur Lemoine. Yez, yez. A very beautiful girl is

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Mademoiselle Feeney. Ze young men would like to go wiz her, but Monsieur Lemoine keeps her locked up."

"Has she any particular lover?" inquired our impertinent sea captain, in a careless sort of a manner, yet with a peculiar interest difficult to explain.

"Vell, dere is von Monsieur Bovais who likes Mademoiselle very much, but she don't like him so much, I guess," and the old Frenchman looked up with a twinkle in his eye, that seemed to say, "There's a chance for you if you want her."

Somehow or other the last statement had a very pleasant effect upon the handsome young seaman. He smiled audibly, and then continued:

"Can you tell me where Monsieur Lemoine's house is?"

Before the landlord had time to answer, three foppish young Frenchmen stepped into the room, and called for wine. The proprietor gave McLellan a knowing wink, unobserved, which was at once understood. The latter accordingly ordered a lunch at a table near by, and sat down, apparently not noticing the new comers.

"Well, Bovais," said one of the three in very good English, "you are completely trapped this time. Ha! ha! Before I would let old Lemoine beat me out of such a beautiful jewel as Mademoiselle Finney, I would tear his old shanty down over his head," and the speaker brought his fist down on the counter in real earnest.

"O, fie! Monsieur," returned the party addressed, "you don't know Lemoine. He would shoot a man and probably the girl too, rather than let her slip from his grasp."

"But how close does he watch her, anyhow?" said the third party in the group. "Can't you arrange to meet clandestinely?"

"Watch her! Why, Ferrere, she is not allowed to step upon the street without some member of the family is with her, and every night as soon as the day's work is over she goes to her room,

and the old tyrant turns the key upon her. Besides that," rather reluctantly acknowledged the young man, "I am not so sure Mademoiselle Finney would do such a thing. I tell you, *Monsieurs*, she is not like your French coquettes. She is so modest, so timid, so pure, so beautiful ——"

"There, there," interrupted one of the number. "Bovais, you're in love—positively in love—and that's a condition of heart Frenchmen ought to know very little about. Come, let's have some more wine, and talk about this matter at another time. Here's to the health of Mademoiselle Finney."

After swallowing the champagne set before them, the trio took their departure from the hotel, while McLellan arose from his lunch, which had scarcely been touched, and received the directions to Monsieur Lemoine's residence.





William McLellan (November 21, 1735 – July 28, 1815) was an American merchant sea captain. He was owner and master of the sloop *Centurian*, which was one of the vessels destroyed at the hands of the British during the Penobscot Expedition in 1779, part of the American Revolutionary War. After the war, McLellan became a prominent merchant in Portland, Maine.

In 1756, Native Americans attacked the Means family, who lived at Flying Point, near today's Freeport, Maine. They took Molly, whom they sold as a slave in Quebec. A few months later, McLellan came below her window and threw her a rope which she slid down. McLellan brought her back to Falmouth on his vessel. They married shortly afterwards, but Molly died in 1764 at the age of 23 or 24.

CHAPTER III.

MISS FINNEY UNDER GUARD—M'LELLAN'S VISIT—NOTE—REPLY—APPOINTED MIDNIGHT MEETING—PREPARATIONS FOR FLIGHT, WITH NOVEL EXPERIENCES—THANKSGIVING FOR RESTORATION—CAPT. M'LELLAN AT FLYING POINT—THE WEDDING.

Molly Finney's heart was sad. While her master and the family manifested confidence in her, it was not so difficult to live the life she was enduring, but now, since Monsieur Bovais had been coming to see her once in a while, old Lemoine's suspicions were aroused—the girl might be taken from him! Accordingly she was ordered never to speak to him again, much less receive his company. More than that—her actions were closely watched. As has been said, the door of her room was locked from the outside every night, not permitting her even slight liberty after work hours.

Molly cared nothing whatever for Monsieur Bovais. His attentions had been somewhat encouraged, simply because any one's attentions were a relief from the harassing monotony of domestic slavery. Besides, she hoped that through his influence her liberty might be obtained. So when old Lemoine proclaimed his edict regarding this gentleman friend, positively prohibiting social intercourse with any one out of the family, the poor girl's heart sank within her.

Upon the morning that Capt. McLellan overheard the conver-

sation regarding the captive maiden, Molly was going about her housework deeply despondent. The last ray of hope had fled, unless—she scarcely dared to think it—unless her relatives might hear of her whereabouts, and send a rescuer. As she was pondering over the probabilities of such a case, there came a slight knock at the half open door, and a strange gentleman, wearing the colors of an English sea captain, stepped into the kitchen, without waiting a response to his knock. Rather frightened and bewildered, Molly jumped back and was about to offer a cry of alarm, when the courteous stranger, lifting his hat, said:

"Hist! Do not be scared. I did not want Monsieur Lemoine to know of my presence. Is this Miss Finney?"

"Yes sir, that is my name," exclaimed the girl, now assured. "Whom do I have the honor of addressing?"

"My name is McLellan. I am commander of the ship just arrived last night. I have a message for you here, which you must read at your leisure, and return me an answer at the time stated."

With those words the Captain tipped his hat and withdrew, leaving the young lady completely nonplussed. One of her own countrymen had called upon her, he knew her name, he understood her position, he sought to keep the interview from Monsieur Lemoine—what *could* it mean? With trembling hands she tore open the note, and read:

"MISS MOLLY FINNEY:—

"Your sister, Mrs. Means, of Flying Point (Freeport), Maine, has sent me to your rescue. I am Captain of the 'Rose,' an English trader, and can carry you home to your relatives if it be possible to get you on board ship. Let me know if a means of escape, or at least, if an interview, is possible. We can arrange matters if the latter could be effected. I will pass this door this afternoon at five o'clock—have your answer ready at that time.

"Your friend,

"WILLIAM McLELLAN."

Never in Molly's brief career had *she* experienced such tumultuous joy as at this moment. The kindly words burned into her soul; they were more precious than all the wealth of the Dominion would have been. When the clouds seemed thickest, and despair the deepest, behold, they are suddenly scattered by the meridian glow of an unknown sun! "Surely," the happy girl thought, "the darkest hour is just before day."

How joyfully she attended to the remaining duties of that eventful day, the reader can imagine. As soon as an opportunity offered, she slipped up to her room and penned the following reply to her would-be deliverer:

"CAPT. WM. McLELLAN:—

"I cannot express the gratitude that fills my heart for your kindness in seeking my deliverance from this captivity. The prospect of once more, and so soon, seeing my dear sister and those whom I feared were dead, thrills me with such joy that I fear it will be impossible to restrain my feelings when Monsieur Lemoine's family is about. But I must. Their eyes are ever on the alert. The greatest caution is necessary. You must not be seen passing the house too often, or suspicion will at once be aroused.

"If you will come to the spot immediately under the second story window overlooking the alley (there is but one window there) to-night at midnight, I shall be ready to hold the proposed interview. Please be there at the appointed time, and do not speak above a whisper.

"Very gratefully,

"MOLLY FINNEY."

That evening, just as the clock struck five, the young sea captain leisurely strolled by Lemoine's residence, apparently enjoying the scenery about him, but glancing anxiously at the door whence a beautiful female form ought to emerge. When within thirty or forty feet of the spot opposite the door, it suddenly flew open, and Miss Finney, broom in hand, emerged, sweeping all "trash" before her. With an extra "sweep," Molly threw a tiny piece of paper at the feet of Capt. McLellan. The latter

stooped and picked it up, sauntering on again as though nothing had transpired.

The servant girl immediately returned indoors, well satisfied with the accomplishment of her scheme.

Ten o'clock! The drudgery of the day is over, rest has at last come to the busy household. An inmate of the room overlooking the alley listens for the approaching footsteps of old Lemoine in the hall; at last she hears them. He comes nearer and nearer, then the squeaking voice pipes out, "Molly! Molly! You in ze room, girl!" "Yes sir, I'm here," replies the young lady. "Vell, go to sleep, quick. You must be up early in ze morning," and, turning the key, Molly's lord and master retraced his steps to his own room.

Left to herself, the captive maiden began to recount the experiences of the day. She tried to imagine herself once more in the family circle at home, surrounded by those whom she loved, with the privilege of acting and talking as she pleased. Smiles chased each other over her features, her soft velvet eyes grew ten-fold more lustrous, while the excitement of the hour crimsoned her cheeks.

"In meditation the maiden sat"—

sat and waited, and wondered, and dreamed. It suddenly occurred to her that she had been very ready to believe in the sincerity of this stranger. How did it happen? Why had she not suspected him? Then she exclaimed, "Bah! who could doubt such a face, such eyes, such frankness? Am I not a woman, and can't I read truthfulness or treachery in any man's face? Capt. McLellan has a noble heart, and could not deceive a poor unfortunate girl like me."

This conclusion seemed perfectly satisfactory, and Molly again anxiously looked out of the window for the appearance of Capt. McLellan. Presently, a dark figure was noticed gliding

along the fence near by, and in another instant it was beneath her window.

"Miss Finney," whispered the new-comer.

"Yes, I'm here," was the reply which came from the window.

"Now we must talk fast, and arrange for your deliverance as soon as possible. Some one may come along and spoil the whole game. Are there any sleepers in the room below you?"

"None," replied the girl, "that is the kitchen. I am alone in this room, and locked in."

"Good," said the Captain, "is there anything up there you can fasten a rope to?"

"The bedpost," returned Miss Finney. "It is a large one, and quite strong, I judge."

"Very well. Now I have brought a rope along with me to-night, and if you are ready, we may complete this business without further delay. My vessel can be ready for moving by sunrise, if necessary. What do you say?"

"It will take me but a moment to gather up my traps," replied the young lady, "and if you can wait, I shall be ready to accompany you to the ship."

"Certainly," replied McLellan, "get ready as quick as possible, then I will throw you this rope, which you can fasten to the bedpost and descend."

Molly's wardrobe was decidedly meager, hence it was not many minutes before the graceful form once more appeared at the window, ready for action.

The rope was thrown up, the noose placed over the bedpost, and the announcement made that the occupant was ready to descend. With a firm grip Molly took hold of the rope, climbed out of the window, and noiselessly slipped down to the ground. Our heroine reached *terra firma* in safety, and in a moment, with her strong protector, was walking rapidly toward the wharf.

A yawl was in waiting, manned by several of the Rose's crew. Into this Capt. McLellan assisted his liberated captive, and soon they were swiftly gliding over the St. Lawrence. It was still necessary to observe silence, hence the oars were muffled, and not a word escaped the lips of any one. In about fifteen minutes from the time of leaving the shore, the yawl glided alongside a large, handsome vessel.

"Now, Miss Finney," said the commander, "permit me to introduce you to our noble ship Rose."

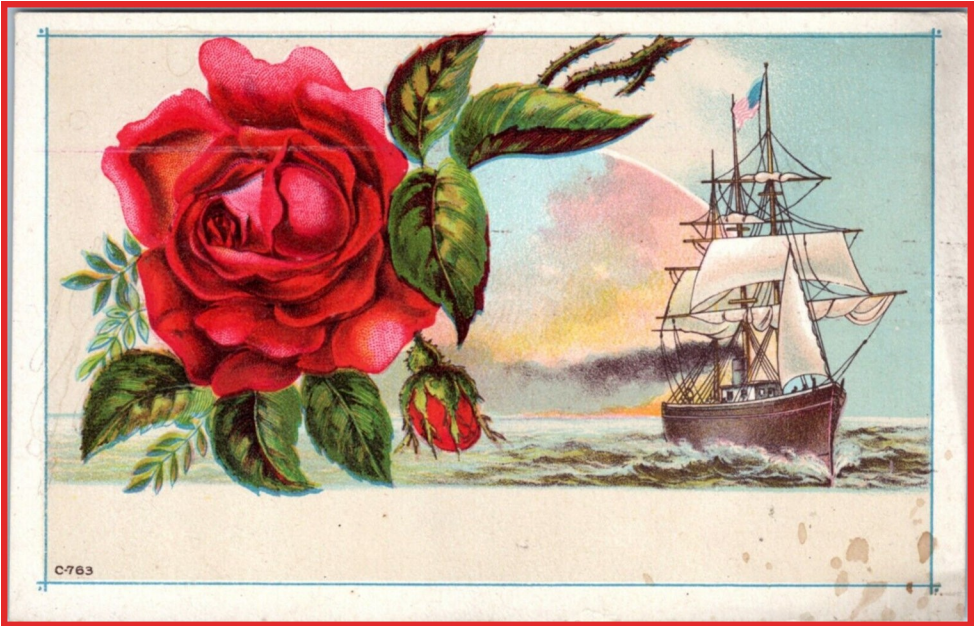
Molly was glad enough to stand upon the deck of that monstrous habitant of the seas, especially since it was commanded by so gallant and noble-hearted an officer.

She was shown to the cabin, refreshments served, and after expressing her deep, heartfelt gratitude to her preserver, repaired to a richly furnished state-room, where the excitement of the hour was swallowed up in blissful dreams of friends, home, and—who knows what else?

It is not the design of this sketch to relate, *particularly*, anything not essentially connected with the capture and deliverance of its subject. Yet it would be cruel, indeed, to leave the young lady in such charming company as was found upon the Rose, without even hinting at what came of it.

Life to her suddenly became full of bright hopes, present enjoyments, and great possibilities. The trip to Freeport from the St. Lawrence seemed not near so long or tedious as might be anticipated. There was so much beautiful scenery, and some one to point it out to her! Like a caged bird suddenly liberated, the maiden reveled in the delights of freedom—as well as congenial associations.

At length the anchor was dropped in Casco Bay. In an hour from that time Molly Finney was enwrapped in the embraces of her relatives and friends, who showered kisses upon her, and bene-



dictions upon the bronzed seaman who stood by her side. The latter seemed inclined to linger about Flying Point longer than business really required. To tell the truth, all that had been enjoyable aboard the *Rose* for several weeks, was ashore, and he fain would remain there also. He wanted the beautiful and fascinating girl for his wife, and determined to let her know it. More than a half dozen times aboard ship had he prepared himself to open his heart to the young lady, but somehow he didn't know what to say when the time came. He could command a vessel; his clarion voice could be heard above the wildest storm, ringing out the orders which were quickly obeyed; but when it came to asking for the hand of a bewitching maiden like Molly Finney, every time he prepared to utter the fatal words, some roguish glance or word would throw him off the track—that wasn't so easy to do. He therefore resolved to wait until ashore—such things could certainly be better attended to on land than on the tempestuous sea.

One evening, as the two sat alone in the front room of the Means' dwelling, Capt. McLellan said:

"Molly! I've been sailing a lonely sea all my life. I never thought it so until lately, but it has been lonely—it *must* have been. Don't you think so?" and the brave officer wiped his forehead violently.

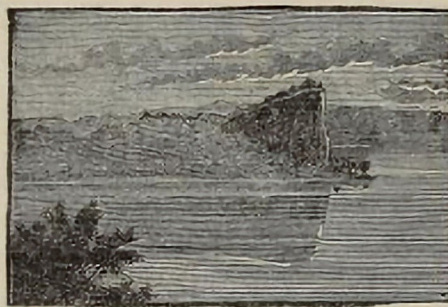
"Well, I don't know, Capt. McLellan, what kind of a sea you have been sailing, but surely if it were always as smooth and pleasant as this trip, I shouldn't call it lonely." The blushes that mounted to Molly's cheeks told that it was more than the "smooth sea" which made the trip so enjoyable.

"Why, bother it, there's the trouble! This last trip has been so different from the others that—that—I wonder if *you* did not have something to do with it, Molly?" Ah! It was almost accomplished, but not quite. Gathering courage and strength from the last desperate effort, he exclaimed:

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"Molly! The sea would be so much more delightful, the cabin so much more beautiful, the storms so much more easy to quell, if *you* were only aboard. Won't you, Molly, won't you be the Captain's wife, and help him guide his vessel over the broad ocean, and at last to drop anchor in the Port of Peace?"

Of course, like any sensible girl, Miss Molly Finney said "Yes." She couldn't say aught else to such a noble and handsome fellow as McLellan. Accordingly, before the *Rose* departed from Casco Bay, Capt. McLellan had wedded the fair captive of Quebec, and as they sailed down the river of Time, finally casting anchor in the Port of Peace, many were the times that the story of their meeting was told; nor was that meeting ever regretted. Several children were born to the happy pair, one of whom, Capt. William McLellan, Jr., attained notoriety as a brave and skillful navigator of the seas.



Born in Bristol, Rhode Island on 10 May 1759 to Josiah Finney and Molly Carey. Mary (Molly) Finney had 5 children. She passed away on 19 May 1790, age 24, in Bristol, Rhode Island. Captain William McLellan died on July 28, 1815, aged 79. He is interred in Portland's Eastern Cemetery. In August of 1932 the descendants of the Means, Mann and Anderson families and their Flying Point neighbors staged a pageant depicting the events of Sunday, May 10, 1756. The pageant, based on oral tradition of what is know as the "Thomas Means Massacre," was attended by nearly 1,000 people. It was a gala affair with the ttendees coming long distances by car and boat. Local hisotiran Harmon S. Cross directed the production which reproduced the "atmosphphere and action of the tragedy." It is the oral tradition of the Thomas Means Massacre which has continued to keep this story so very much alive in the hearts of native Freeporters.



**1932 Pageant - "Thomas Means Massacre"
with capture of Molly Finney**

About the Author

Larry W Jones is a songwriter, having penned over 7,700 song lyrics. Published in 22 volumes of island themed, country, cowboy, western and bluegrass songs. The entire assemblage is the world's largest collection of lyrics written by an individual songwriter.

As a wrangler on the "Great American Horse Drive", at age 68, he assisted in driving 800 half-wild horses 62 miles in two days, from Winter pasture grounds in far NW Colorado to the Big Gulch Ranch outside of Craig Colorado.

His book, "The Oldest Greenhorn", chronicles the adventures and perils in earning the "Gate-to-Gate" trophy belt buckle the hard way.



Other books published by Larry W Jones:

1. A Squirrel Named Julie and The Fox Ridge Fox
2. The Painting Of A Dream
3. The Boy With Green Thumbs and The Wild Tree Man
4. Red Cloud – Chief Of the Sioux
5. Spotted Tail – The Orphan Negotiator
6. Little Crow – The Fur Trapper's Patron
7. Chief Gall – The Strategist
8. Crazy Horse – The Vision Quest Warrior
9. Sitting Bull - The Powder River Power
10. Rain-In-The-Face – The Setting Sun Brave
11. Two Strike – The Lakota Club Fighter
12. Chief American Horse – The Oglala Councilor
13. Chief Dull Knife – The Sharp-Witted Cheyenne
14. Chief Joseph – Retreat From Grande Ronde
15. The Oregon Trail Orphans
16. Kids In Bloom Volume 1
17. Kids In Bloom Volume 2
18. Kids Animal Pals Volume 1
19. Kids Animal Pals Volume 2
20. Bird Kids Volume 1
21. Bird Kids Volume 2
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23. Garden Kids Volume 2
24. Folklore Of Jackson Hole
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53. Ode To Toulee – From Gosling To Goose
54. China Clipper – Floatplanes Of Pan Am
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56. Range Of A Cowboy
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58. Clipper Ships – Wool and Wealth
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60. Clipper Ships – The Kiwi Connection
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